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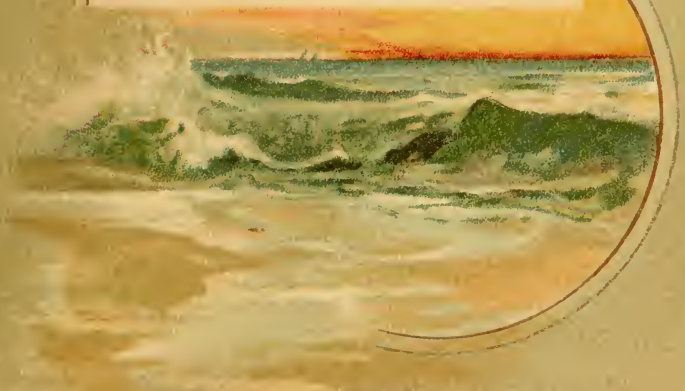
SEA PICTURES

From ··· Tennyson ··



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DEC 17 1987

Sea Pictures

BY

ALFRED TENNYSON

ILLUSTRATED BY

WILLIAM J. WHITTEMORE

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We left behind the painted buoy
That tosses at the harbor-mouth.
And madly danced our hearts with joy,
As fast we fleeted to the South:
How fresh was every sight and sound
On open main or winding shore!
We knew the merry world was round,
And we might sail forevermore.

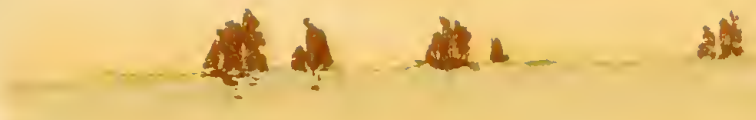
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon:
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did
seem.

THE LOTUS-EATERS.

'T is the place, and all around it, as of old, the
curlews call,
Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over
Locksley Hall.

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks
the sandy tracts,
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cata-
racts.

LOCKSLEY HALL.

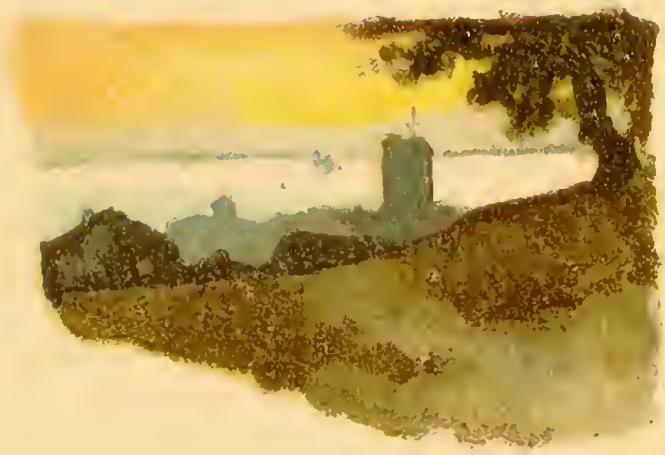


So now on sand they walk'd, and now on cliff,
Lingering about the thymy promontories,
Till all the sails were darken'd in the west,
And rosed in the east.

SEA DREAMS

The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks
The long day wanes the slow moon climbs : the deep
Moans round with many voices.

ULYSSES

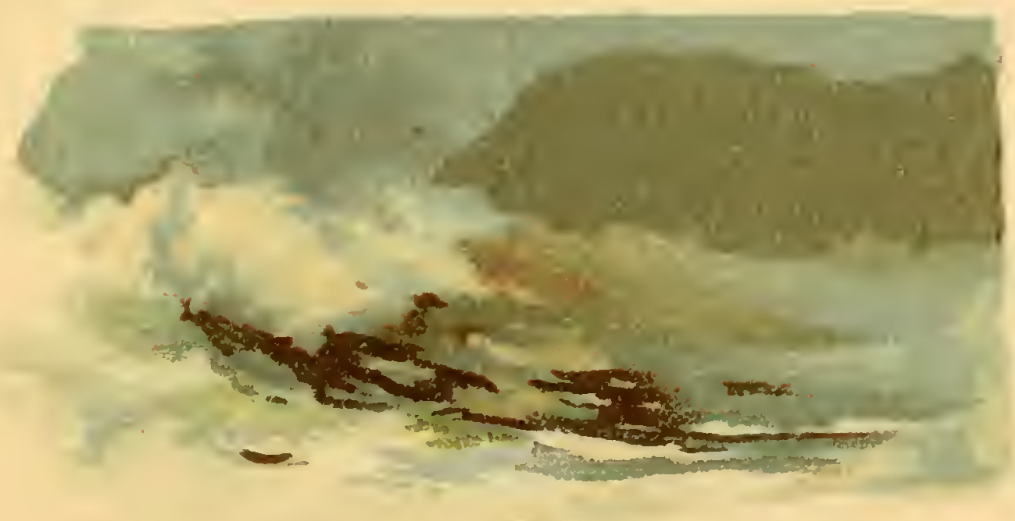


The town was hush'd beneath us lower down
The bay was oily-calm ; the harbor-buoy
Sole star of phosphorescence in the calm,
With one green sparkle ever and anon
Dipt by itself, and we were glad at heart.

AUDLEY COURT

And then the two
Dropt to the cove, and watch'd the great sea fall,
Wave after wave, each mightier than the last,
Till last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep
And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged
Roaring.

THE COMING OF ARTHUR.



A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land:
On one side lay the ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

All down the lonely coast of Lyonnesse,
Each with a beacon-star upon his head,
And with a wild sea-light about his feet,
He saw them — headland after headland flame
Far on into the rich heart of the west

GUINEVERE.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

THE PRINCESS.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon .
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon ,
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon :
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

THE PRINCESS

Among the waste and lumber of the shore,
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn,

ENOCH ARDEN.

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